

And when the end is near,
And when I face the final curtain.
My friend, I'll say it clear.
I'll state my case, of which I'm certain.
I live a life that's full,
I travel each and every highway.
At any age, I'll turn the page,
And do it my way.
Regrets, there'll be a few.
But then again, too few to mention.
It's true, what I have to do,
I see it through without exemption.
I plan each charted course,
That I'll take each step
Along life's byway.
This much I know, each day I grow,
I do it my way.
Yes, there are times,
We all go through.
When we bite off more than we can chew.
But through it all, when there is doubt,
I don't give up, I work it out.
And I face it all and I stand tall!
And do it my way!
I love, I laugh, I cry.
I live a life that's of my choosing.
I refuse, refuse to live a life
To win at life and never losing.
Just to think that's where I matter
Each day I say
Not in a shy way
I must be free, free to be me,
And do it my way!
For what are we?
What have you got?
It's not yourself
Then you have not
Just say the things you truly feel
And not the words of one who kneels
The records show,
God only knows I did it my way!
This much I know, each day I grow
I do it my WAY!